That lets it hop a litle from his hand,
Like a poore prisoner in his twisted gives,
And with a silken threed, plucks it backe againe,
So louing Iealous of his libertie.
*Ro.* I would I were thy bird.
*Iu.* Sweete so would I,
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night.
Parting is such sweete sorrow,
That I shall say good night, till it be morrow.
*Iu.* Sleep dwel vpon thine eyes, peace in thy breast.
*Ro.* Would I were sleepe and peace so sweet to rest
The grey eyde morne smiles on the frowning night,
Checkring the Easterne Clouds with streaks of light,
And darknesse fleckted like a drunkard reeles,
From forth daies pathway, made by *Tytans* wheeles.
Hence will I to my ghostly Friers close cell,
His helpe to craue, and my deare hap to tell.

*Exit.*

*Enter Frier alone with a basket.* (night,

*Fri.* The grey-eyed morne smiles on the frowning
Checking the Easterne clowdes with streaks of light:
And fleckeld darknesse like a drunkard reeles,
From forth daies path, and *Titans* burning wheeles:
Now ere the sun aduance his burning eie,
The day to cheere, and nights dancke dewe to drie,
I must vpfill this osier cage of ours,
With balefull weedes, and precious iuyced flowers,
The earth that's natures mother is her tombe,
What is her burying graue, that is her wombe:
And from her wombe children of diuers kinde,
We sucking on her naturall bosome finde:
Many for many, vertues excellent:
None but for some, and yet all different.
O mickle is the powerfull grace that lies
In Plants, hearbes, stones, and their true qualities:





For nought so vile, that on the earth doth liue,
But to the earth some speciall good doth giue:
Nor ought so good but straind from that faire vse,
Reuolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse.
Vertue it selfe turnes vice being misapplied,
And vice sometime by action dignified.

*Enter* Romeo.

Within the infant rinde of this weake flower
Poyson hath residence, and medicine power:
For this being smelt with that part, cheares each part,
Being tasted, stayes all sences with the hart.
Two such opposed Kings encamp them still,
In man as well as hearbes, grace and rude will:
And where the worser is predominant,
Full soone the Canker death eates vp that Plant.
*Ro.* Goodmorrow father.
*Fri.* Benedicite.
What early tongue so sweete saluteth me?
Young sonne, it argues a distempered hed,
So soone to bid goodmorrow to thy bed:
Care keepes his watch in euery old mans eye,
And where care lodges, sleepe will neuer lye:
But where vnbruised youth with vnstuft braine
Doth couch his lims, there golden sleepe doth raigne.
Therefore thy earlinesse doth me assure,
Thou art vprouse with some distemprature:
Or if not so, then here I hit it right,
Our *Romeo* hath not bene in bed to night.
*Ro.* That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine.
*Fri.* God pardon sin, wast thou with *Rosaline*?
*Ro.* With *Rosaline*, my ghostly father no,
I haue forgot that name, and that names wo.
*Fri.* Thats my good son, but wher hast thou bin then?
*Ro.* Ile tell thee ere thou aske it me agen:
I haue bene feasting with mine enemie,
Where on a sudden one hath wounded me: